

The Daily New Mexican

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The New Mexican is the oldest newspaper in New Mexico. It is sent to every Postoffice in the Territory and has a large and growing circulation among the intelligent and progressive people of the southwest.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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MONDAY, AUGUST 22.

Bring home the nation's dead and bury them in the National cemeteries.

Our Democratic friends are up to a smooth political game in the coming New Mexico campaign. As to success of this game, that is another question.

The more the people learn about the controversy between Colonel Roosevelt and Secretary Alger, the more they think that the colonel was in the right in the matter.

Free silver, independent of European nations, may be an issue in benighted communities like Colorado or Nevada, in this fall's campaign, but the country at large will not bother with it.

The 33rd legislative assembly of this territory could effect a large saving in public expenses, by cutting down the number of the different boards for the government of territorial institutions. Lots of room for improvement in that direction.

The men who have returned from Santiago dare not go on the streets of eastern cities with buttons on their clothes, for fear of the mobs of relic hunters. The manufacturers of safety pins are experiencing a wonderful revival of business.

Many of the Democratic papers are beginning to worry over the possibility of the government having to pension the wounded and sick soldiers of the war with Spain. Democratic papers and some people are much alike, if there is nothing on hand to worry about, the future is drawn upon to supply the aching void.

Admiral Cervera has been ordered home to aid his government in straightening out complications arising from the war. If the Spaniards will listen to the admiral's advice, they will save themselves lots of trouble in the future. Admiral Cervera has had experience enough with the Americans to make his advice valuable.

The new victory of India, Sir George Nathaniel Curzon, is another instance of the fact, that the man, who has been private secretary of a great public functionary and who has the stuff in him, is bound to rise. And when that sort of a man marries a bright American woman, there is no keeping him down. Sir George started in public life as Lord Salisbury's private secretary and married Miss Leiter, of Chicago.

A Kansas banker is singing a peculiar song of woe. The people of the town in which the bank is located have \$100,000 on deposit, of that amount the banker is only able to loan \$25,000 and he is losing money because of the prosperity of his patrons. The indications are that the Populists of the Sunflower state will retire from business this fall. The only persons in the state who are rowing over the financial condition are the bankers, and they are in a hopeless minority.

The attempt on the part of the Democrat to put a forced construction upon remarks made by Colonel Twitchell in an interview lately published in this paper is very laughable. The issue can very well be left with the people of this territory who know Colonel Twitchell about as well as they do Mr. Ferguson. Any attempt on the part of the Democrat to place Colonel Twitchell in a false position will not be endorsed even by Mr. Ferguson.

It is a great pity indeed that the law granting public lands for the support of New Mexico public schools and territorial institutions, was loosely and carelessly drawn and for the time being is somewhat inoperative. With necessary amendments, which will be procured during the next session of congress, the law will be put into effect and attain the objects aimed at. Governor Otter has had an interview with Secretary Bliss upon the subject and the interior department will do its level best to help in securing the necessary corrections and amendments to the law.

General Wheeler thinks that the United States will have no trouble with the Cubans after the Spaniards have left the island. It is not known what the general means. Whether he thinks the Cubans will be ready to lay down their arms and return to the every day pursuits of life, or whether he is of the opinion that the trouble the insurgents could give this country would amount to nothing, will have to be determined by future developments.

The Territorial Supreme court is doing well. What a change for the better.

It is learned from reliable sources that the city of Boston has recovered from the shivers caused by the fear of a Spanish bombardment, and the weather is now comfortable. The Saturday baking of beans promises to keep warm over Sunday, as well.

The St. Louis girl who kissed Hobson has been refused a copyright on the "Hobson kiss." The authorities took the ground that the principle of the "Hobson kiss" did not differ from that which has been used in osculatory practices since the day Adam made the acquaintance of Eve in the garden.

The Republican administration of county affairs in Santa Fe county during the past two years has been clean, honest and satisfactory. The board of county commissioners has kept expenses within reasonable bounds and all county expenses have been met with cash payments. The funds of the county have been honestly administered. Under Democratic administrations in this county the reverse has been the case. It will therefore be but good common sense and good politics for the voters of Santa Fe county in November next to keep the Republican county administration in power. By so doing, they will be assured of an honest, just and competent county government for the next two years. The past record of the Democratic party in this county is proof positive, that it cannot be trusted.

May Not Be a Political Issue.

The question of territorial, or national, expansion will not become a political issue. The New York Times has compiled a list of the leading papers published in the larger cities in the country, and finds that 23 are in favor of retaining permanently all the islands taken from Spain, 15 are against such a policy, and 17 have not yet decided what the United States should do. The Democratic and Republican papers are about equally represented in all three classes. The taking of Manila by Admiral Dewey and General Merritt has changed a number of papers from the opposition forces to those favoring the permanent control of the Philippine Islands, and this change has about equal as between the party organs.

The failure of several Democratic state conventions to adopt resolutions committing that party to a condemnation of extension also indicates very strongly the attitude of the people of the country on the question. The feeling is growing, that in taking the islands in the Pacific ocean and the Caribbean sea from Spain, this country has become responsible for the government of the inhabitants, and to make any change which would allow them to revert to Spain, or place them in a position where the nations of Europe can quarrel over them, and possibly involve terrible wars, cannot be permitted.

It is fortunate for all concerned that the matter will be taken out of the political differences which exist in the United States. The spectacle of a president who differed in his politics from his predecessor, hauling down the stars and stripes after they had been raised over an island whose leading citizens desired annexation, has disgraced this government once too often, and with all political parties agreed upon a policy in regard to the acquired territory there will be no dangers of a repetition of an act of that kind.

Poor Columbus.

The Madrid papers have at last found some one upon whom to load all the trouble and disgrace of Spain, and poor, old, dead Christopher Columbus is made to carry the burden. He is "the evil genius" of the once proud Spaniards, and his discovery of America brought on all the misfortunes that have crushed the mighty kingdom of Isabelle and Ferdinand. "If that wretched Italian had either staid quietly at home, or been content to remain a poor private in nearby waters, Spain would have had no colonies to lose—and she would not have lost any colonies," reason the Madrid papers with a logic which prevents any and all controversy.

Instead, for all anybody knows, or at least for all anybody can prove, she would have developed her home resources, which are undoubtedly incalculable value, and would have been today a strong nation, loved and respected by all, and not the helpless victim of an upstart race of which the very existence is due to the misguided zeal of Genoa's son. Isn't that a pretty theory? Only two faults can be found with it. The more important of these is the fact that to call the discovery of America the reverse of a great and glorious achievement is to rob Spain of her last available asset. The other weak point in the theory is hardly worth mentioning, since it is merely the chance that some cynical foreigner may see in Spain's attack on Columbus merely this: "It was a cruel wrong to give the most brilliant opportunity any nation ever had, for he should have known, if he didn't, that our efforts to take advantage of it would fail, and it was nothing less than the act of a malignant enemy to put us in control of lands peopled by naked savages, for if he had possessed any sense at all he would have foreseen the rapacity, the murderousness, and the stupidity with which, to our ultimate undoing, we would treat them."

But what matters the jeering of aliens? The condition of Spain shows that she must have had an "evil genius," and Columbus, having much leisure on his hands, can serve in that capacity much more conveniently than can the much-occupied Weyler or other members of his numerous class.

Teddy's Terrors.

The cow puncher has his big rawhide boot square down on one of the big illuminated pages of history. He has put his foot in it, to his undying glory and

to the utter eradication of all the slighting things that have been said about the unruly herds of stamped steers on the wild western plains.

Colonel Roosevelt never tires of lauding his regiment of "Rough Riders" the basis of which, he says, is the cow puncher. There are cow-punchers, Harvard men, country doctors, dukes and heirs to millions in his regiment, but the framework of the organization that has won fame in Cuba is the cowboy, bronzed, darddevil, loud and unvenered. "They scrapped by nature," says Roosevelt, while sticking to the assertion. They were not ambushed. They knew where the Spaniards were and hit them because they wanted to. They had not had any excitement. Life without a little scrap was intolerable. Anything would do to live things up a bit. The cow punchers had not had even a good yell since they left Arizona and Oklahoma. The fight in the tropical undergrowth was just like a day off in town to most of those uncouth fellows, every one made of heroic stuff.

The "Rough Riders" will go into history along with other immortal fighters—the Light Brigade, Napoleon's Imperial Guard, Xenophon's Ten Thousand, and Caesar's Tenth Legion; and they will live and beget into fiction as successors to the White Company of Conan Doyle and the Zulu Grays of Rider Haggard. And their names will be fragrant of romance and their deeds, magnified and gilded, will thrill many a fireside circle in the golden days that are to come. It is worth something to be one of "Teddy's Terrors."

TERRITORIAL TOPICS

Albuquerque Mention.

The New Mexico University recently received from Mrs. E. S. Stover the gift of a grand Chickering piano.

A. A. Grant, proprietor of the Democrat and other Albuquerque enterprises, has gone to California for a month.

The Democrat rather paradoxically speaks of the fact that Albuquerque is "rapidly filling up with health seekers" as "a healthy sign."

The nine cases of smallpox quarantined in this city are reported past the danger line and no new cases have developed for a week or more.

Mrs. Geo. F. Albright and children, family of the manager of the Democrat, will visit friends in Colorado Springs and Denver during the next few weeks.

O. P. Posey, manager of the Cochiti Gold Mining Company, reached Albuquerque from Denver yesterday, and has since departed for his headquarters at the Alamo mine, near Blair.

The frantic effort of the esteemed Albuquerque papers to tell a roundabout story of an alleged scandal in real life, with the names of the active participants carefully suppressed, proved a great deal less than a dazzling success.

Two divorce suits have recently been commenced in the district court. Carrie Dearborn does not want to be tied to her husband, H. M. Dearborn, any longer, and W. G. Bennett desires to be released from the marriage vows which bind him to Annette L. Bennett.

Las Vegas Happenings.

Judge E. V. Long and family have departed for their future home in Pueblo. The members of the local military band will soon appear in brand new uniforms.

Professor E. L. Hewitt, president of the normal school, has returned from his eastern trip.

Brownie and Manzaneros are putting in a private sewerage system that involves the use of 600 feet of sewer pipe.

Professor J. A. Wood has arranged to open a private school in the city for the benefit of pupils above the fifth grade.

Eugenio Basques, a sheep herder at Pagosa, this county, died on Saturday, from the effects of being struck by lightning.

Contractor John Hill has taken the contract to build a handsome two-story stone and brick residence for Thomas Ross at the corner of Seventh street and Baca avenue.

Sister Zeno, who had been the Sister Superior in charge of the Loretto academy at this place, for the past year, has been transferred to Alamosa, Colorado, where she will establish a new Loretto academy, Sister Augustine taking her place at the academy here.

According to the fiscal statement furnished to Governor Otter by County Clerk Gonzalez, the total tax collections in San Miguel county, during the year ended June 30, 1898, were \$104,044.56. The expenses of the county during the same period amounted to \$22,996.21.

Socorro County.

The house of J. D. Brooks, at Socorro, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night.

At the competitive examination, Leo Wattleet was chosen as the cadet for Socorro county to the Military Institute at Roswell, and Harry Montoya and Charley Gardner are alternates. There were seven applicants.

Orrin Rice, of Socorro, accompanied by his wife, will be absent for several weeks in Grant county and southwestern Socorro county. Mr. Rice goes as stenographer for Attorney Melbury, U. S. agent for the investigation of Indian depredation claims.

Mrs. Henrietta Billings, of Cincinnati, owner of the famous old Kelly mine, and other valuable mining properties in Socorro county, is at Kelly personally looking after her mines there. She is accompanied by her attorney, Judge W. S. Little, also of Cincinnati.

Professor Fayette A. Jones, the new director of the New Mexico School of Mines, is rapidly becoming acquainted with the people in and about Socorro and is much pleased with his new field of labor. The professor is a Canadian man and has for years been conversant with the mining conditions of this territory, says the Chieftain.

Grant County.

Miss Marion Huff will teach the public schools at Lone Mountain during the ensuing year.

Louis Dorsey, one of the famous "Rough Riders," returned to his home in Silver City the other day on a thorough and was accorded an enthusiastic welcome home by his neighbors and friends.

New Mexico Live Stock Notes.

Henry Barrett recently shipped 421 head of cattle from Magdalena to Kansas City.

Owing to the plentiful rains of the past two weeks the stockmen and farmers of Lincoln county are literally "in clover."

Montague Stevens, formerly of the S. C. Cattle Company, now has between 20,000 and 30,000 head of sheep on the old S. U. ranges in Socorro county.

Captain French, manager of the W. S. ranch near Alamo, has gone to Magdalena, to deliver a herd of about 1,500 head of cattle. This is the third shipment this season from the W. S. ranch. One more shipment will be made, aggregating in the four shipments between 6,000 to 7,000 head.

AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

Whereby is shown the Idea Posterity Will Have of Us.

It was in the year 2088. They were all sitting on the roof garden of the Five Mile building. They had dropped in from all parts of the world to enjoy a view of New York harbor. At least three planets also were represented in the company present, but it was an old New Yorker who was doing the talking.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I can remember distinctly when they used to measure the height of a building in feet and not in miles."

The Venetian whistled. The inhabitants of Venus are not particularly well bred. The old man did not notice him. "Why, when I was a boy there were some old buildings on lower Broadway that were only 60 stories high. Fact, and the elevators in those days were crude and slow affairs. Even the express that didn't stop below the fourth floor ran with a cautionary slowness that would make us die of ennui. I have repeatedly been over a minute in going up in one of those old time buildings. Rather different from now, when we make the 1,500 stories in this building, in instance, in three-quarters of a second."

"But how could they afford to have such low buildings and such slow service?" asked a young fellow from Mars who was spending the day on earth.

"Why, my grandfather has told me that those very buildings were the wonder of the twentieth century and those elevators were considered marvels of speed!"—This was too much for the assembled company. They all pressed the top button of their vests, and a moment later they were hundreds of miles away and the old man was alone.

"Fanny how incredulous some people are," said he to himself. "If I'd told 'em of the building my great-grandfather had an office in that was the marvel of the close of the nineteenth century, although it wasn't 80 stories high, they would have mobbed me."—New York World.

An Unavailing Appeal.



Horrible Old Lady—Oh, my man, think of your mother—think of your mother! Burglar (sternly)—No use, lady, I was brought up in an incubator!—Boston Globe.

The Wise Bachelor.

You can generally judge a girl pretty well by the number of weeks a spot on the sleeve of her coat is still there.

Most women would rather the others thought they weren't good Christians than that they weren't good housekeepers.

About once a year a woman spends several days congratulating her husband on his having her to save up his money for him.

No girl is really really when a man kisses her unless she forgets to say how surprised she is that he ever thought of her that way.

Every girl ought to hesitate before she marries a man who doesn't know how to hold a woman's hand, and to have a pretty foot, it is meant that she wears a pretty shoe.

After a girl has once heard that she has been called "fascinating," she gets an idea that she can make a man say anything to her she wants to. —New York Press.

Twentieth Century Eloquence.

Allene (locked in her room in the twenty-eighth story of a New York flat; time, 9 a. m.)—Oh, Reginald! Is that you? Reginald (in airship outside)—Yes, dear. Quick! Fly with me!

Allene—Whither, my love? Reginald—Over to Chicago. We will have the knot tied and return before the folks are awake. —Allene's Magazine.

His Finances.

Managing Editor—What was it that young fellow wanted? Office Boy—He says that he wrote a sonnet entitled "Dolly's Dimples," and it got into the paper headed "Dolly's Dimples," and that he wants it explained, as it got him into trouble with something he called his fiancée. —Pick Me Up.

A Long Story.

Ned—If you want to marry an heiress, why don't you propose to Miss Elderly? She's rich. Ted—Yes, but I object to her past. Ned—Why, I thought that was above reproach. Ted—It is, but there's so much of it. —Brooklyn Life.

An Alluring Prize.

"You ought to take some tickets in the lottery," said one Klondike miner to another. "They are only \$1,000 a ticket." "What is the grand prize?" "A canvasback hawk." "I can't take a dozen tickets." —New York Journal.

Kindly Intended.

"I saw a fine specimen of Whistler's art yesterday," said the girl who likes pictures. "Excuse me," said Mrs. Cumrox gently, "but you mean you heard it, don't you, dear?" —Washington Star.

An Inexperienced Patriot.

Come I'm with the country. If we must recruit, only trouble 'bout it. —Dunno how ter shoot. Course I'd like ter teller. What the fight is. Only trouble 'bout it. Got the rheumatism. Ain't afeard o' thunder. Don't want war release. Trouble is—I'm under bonds ter keep the peace. From Sumter ter Savannah. Boys has lost their wits. Better work ter Fanny. Than fight like rip with Fita. —Atlanta Constitution.

NEW MEXICO REPORTS
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JAMES AND DORCAS.

A school for Bible study and the training of young people for missionary work, both in home and foreign fields, is not exactly the place one associates with romance. But a contrary state of affairs has been often known to exist, as can be verified by a certain school of this character not far away, where so many of the young women are either engaged to young ministers or, if they are training for work in foreign fields, do not expect to go there alone.

To this school there came a few years ago a man and a young woman. We will call the young man James, because he was of the stalwart type of manhood usually associated with that apostle of good works, and let us call the young woman Dorcas, for she was known for her charity and made many garments for the poor.

The Bible training school follows closely the lines laid down by the university or college. There is a two years' course of hard study and practical work among the poor of the city. James and Dorcas met regularly each morning in the lecture room, while in the Sunday school James had a class of sturdy boys and Dorcas taught the infant class of girls. As a matter of course they came to be well acquainted, and after awhile when Dorcas had been given the care of a street James went with her in the evening to lead the prayer meetings, and as they walked home together evening after evening and talked over the day's events what could be more natural than that they should fall in love, which they did.

The weeks and months sped quickly by, and the course of true love for James and Dorcas, contrary to the old adage, ran smoothly enough, and the end of the two years' course was approaching. They both rejoiced that they had entered the school at the same time and would receive their diplomas together. In the days of their long courtship they had decided to give their lives to the work of saving the heathen, and their arrangements to go to New York at the end of the term and offer their services to the board of foreign missions.

When the time came and they received their diplomas they bade goodbye to their friends in this city. James, strong and rugged, was, of course, accepted. Dorcas, always slight and now pale and worn by two years of hard study, had her application refused by the board.

What could be done? All their hopes of happiness were dashed. But they did what the consecrated young Christian always does—they prayed and promised each other to abide by the direction and inspiration that should come through prayer.

They parted for a time and spent the days in prayer. At the end of a week they met again, James looking pale but resolute and Dorcas like a drooping flower, but patient and resigned. Each read the decision in the other's eyes. The conflict between love and duty had been inevitable and duty had triumphed. It was decided that James should go alone to the foreign field and Dorcas return to the training school to take up the work of city missions.

When they bade each other a tearful farewell, with no hope of ever meeting again in this world, James going to a mission in China and Dorcas returning again to the work she had laid down.

Time will speed quickly, even for broken hearts. Good ships came from James across the sea, and Dorcas became known and loved in the homes of the poor in the district she tended. The pain of her experience gave a gentleness and patience to her dealings with others not there before, and her husband's name was known for love and sympathy with those to whom love and sympathy had been unknown.

It had been almost three years since James and Dorcas parted. Dorcas' strength had been so far restored that at the suggestion of the board, and, longing to take up the work she had trained to do, she determined to make another application for a foreign post and, presenting herself again before the board, was accepted.

When they asked her to what field she wished to go, Dorcas answered very gently, "To China."

Then she set about making the simple preparations for her departure. A letter came from James full of joy and hope, saying that she had a home waiting for her. The rest of this story could best be told by Dorcas' own letters to her friends. A fellow worker received a letter from her safe arrival in China and describing it thus:

The ship's anchor at considerable distance from the land, and the sea was calm. I came out to meet us and take us to the shore. I leaped over the deck, watching eagerly for James, but to my disappointment he was not among those who came on board. Then my heart sank, and they would take me to him. When I stood by his bedside and held his hand in mine, the three long years of cruel separation were swept away, and it seemed only yesterday we had parted in New York. I could see no change in him, but James, looking into my face, said softly, "Dear Dorcas, you are very changed," and my hope is that the change is for the better. We are to be married at Christmas time, and now I must bid you goodbye, for my wedding day is near. China is almost as much work as if I were going to be married in America and have a church wedding and half a dozen bridesmaids. Lovingly, Dorcas.

It takes a long time for letters to come from friends in the foreign field. Missionaries are busy people, and if the station is an inland one the posts are slow, and then there is the waiting for ships. It was only a few days ago that James in this city received the letter from Dorcas that announced her marriage to James.

We had such a pretty wedding. We wore the national dress, and, dear girl, China is the land where brides can be fitted out with least expense. My wedding dress was the beautiful silk that was woven in this country and was made by a native dressmaker. If you should ever be married in China, it will cost you only about \$2 cent to have your wedding dress made. We will adopt many of the quaint and pretty customs of the land and are very happy in the little home James made ready for me. Our hopes for the future are very bright. Give my love to all the dear friends at home and ever remember me as your loving Dorcas. —Chicago Tribune.

Savee Reciprocity. Cannibal Queen—Well, goodbye, dear. I'm going to my sewing meeting. Cannibal King—What charitable work is the meeting engaged upon now? Cannibal Queen—We are making high necked dresses for the poor society women of London. —London Tit-Bits.

Code of Civil Procedure. Every practicing attorney in the territory should have a copy of the New Mexico Code of Civil Procedure, bound in separate form with alternate blank pages for annotations. The New Mexican Printing company has such an edition on sale at the following prices: Leatherette binding, \$1.25; full law sheep, \$2; flexible morocco, \$2.50.

A Hard Situation. I never have a chance to ask you for money, Henry, before dinner you are cross. Well? And after dinner you go to sleep.

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Santa Fe Chapter No. 1, R. A. M. Regular convocation second Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. JAMES H. BRADY, Secretary.

Santa Fe Commandery No. 1, K. T. Regular convocation fourth Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. J. S. CHAMBERS, R. G. C. ADDISON WALKER, Recorder.

I. O. O. F.

PARADISE LODGE No. 1, I. O. O. F. Regular meeting every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' hall. J. S. CHAMBERS, R. G. C. H. W. STEVENS, Recording Secretary.

CENTENNIAL ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F. Regular communication the second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting patriarchs welcome. THOS. A. GOODWIN, R. G. C. A. F. EASLEY, Scribe.

MYRTLE REBEKAH LODGE No. 2, I. O. O. F. Regular meeting first and third Tuesday of each month at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers and sisters welcome. THOMAS NEWELL, Noble Grand. HATTIE WAGNER, Secretary.

AZULAN LODGE No. 3, I. O. O. F. meet every Friday evening in Odd Fellows' hall. San Francisco street. Visiting brothers welcome. W. J. TAYLOR, R. G. C. W. H. WOODWARD, Secretary.

K. O. F.

SANTA FE LODGE No. 2, K. O. F. Regular meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Castle hall. Visiting knights given a cordial welcome. J. L. CHAMBERS, R. G. C. LEO MUEHLERSEN, E. of R. and S.

CHAS. F. EASLEY, (Late Surveyor General.) Attorney at Law, Santa Fe, N. M. Land and mining business a specialty.

E. A. FISKE, Attorney and Counselor at Law, P. O. Box "P," Santa Fe, New Mexico. Practices in Supreme and all District Courts of New Mexico.

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